

A SHORT
IP into KENT.

Containing



Occurrences of four Summer Days ;
ulated as an Antidote against the
ominess of the Winter Months, and
icularly that which is occasion'd by
Observation of the 30th. of January.

In *Huabraftick* Verse.

PHILELEUTHERUS BRITANNUS.

*fessi tandem Cives, infanda furentem
mati circumstant, ipsumque Domumque
truncant Socios.* VIRGIL.



L O N D O N :

Printed for the Author. MDCCXLIII.



Sho



Stagnat
And 'B



A

Short Trip into *Kent*.



IF E's but a Burden when confin'd,

'Tis travelling improves the Mind ;

Stagnated Water soon grows foul,

And 'Bide-at-home's, hoodwink the Soul.

A 2

He

4 *A short Trip into Kent.*

He that to Wisdom's Port wou'd steer,
Must often Things with Things compare,
Beauty and Wisdom best are known
When Objects opposite are shown:
So homely Girls enhance the Fair,
Dull Nonsense makes true Wit appear;
And none Life's different Scenes can taste,
But he that thro' both Parts has pass'd.
He that from Infant grown to Man,
Living to threescore Years and ten;
Ne'er knew what Sickneſs meant or Pain,
Enjoys perpetual Health in vain.
'The Man to Wealth and Riches born,
Who ne'er experienc'd Fortune's Scorn;
As Trees in fertile Soil will grow,
So he may thrive; but nothing know.

Greatly

A short Trip into Kent. 5

Greatly alike is constant Health,
To never interrupted Wealth :
In Aches, who ne'er bore a Part,
Nor raging Pulse, nor fainting Heart :
Knows not to pity sick'ning Friends,
Nor prize the Health that Heav'n sends ;
Of Relish void, he barely lives,
Nor his own Happiness perceives :
The Man who sails with prosp'rous Gales,
Whom adverse Fortune ne'er assails,
But smoothly all Affairs proceed,
His Enterprizes well succeed ;
With Gust insipid views his Store,
As cloy'd with Food we want no more.
Pain is the Foil that sets off Health,
The same Misfortune is to Wealth :

So

6 *A short Trip into Kent.*

So diff'rent Flow'rs, of various Dyes,
In Gardens, or in Meadows rise ;
In Landskips thus, both Sea and Land
An entertaining Prospect stand ;
Flat Levels soon the Eye will tire,
Hills, Woods, and Vales Delight inspire :
Nature with Light has mingled Shades,
Variety her Works pervades ;
To Day succeeds alternate Night,
And Darkneſs Beauty gives to Light.
Labour for pleaſant Reſt prepares,
And Reſt with Vigour new repairs :
From mutual Contrasts Order flows,
And the whole World with Beauty glows.

The

A short Trip into Kent. 7

The Mind on Bus'ness long intent,
Should by Amusement be unbent;
Some Friends and I, with this Design,
In a late *Kentish* Trip did join :
At two i'th' Morning, quiet Hour
From *Billingsgate* began our Tour.
The River calm, the Air serene,
All Nature gay, reviving Scene;
At *Gravesend* when arriv'd, well pleas'd,
Coffee and Rolls our Hunger eas'd,
Recruited then with Spirits good
For *Rocheſter* we took our Road ;
In two Hours walk, or something more,
We safely reach'd the *Silver Oar* :
Immediate Orders given were,
A handsome Dinner to prepare.

The

8 *A short Trip into Kent.*

The Spit with speed was laid to Fire,
Which soon accomplish'd our Desire ;
With Stomachs right prepar'd we greet
In proper Manner the well-dress'd Meat.
To chear our Hearts, and Thirst to quench,
With one Consent we call for Punch ;
As good as Rum and Orange Juice,
Did e'er for Travellers produce.
The Glafs goes round, our Spirits rais'd,
With common Voice our Host we prais'd.
'Tis good, 'tis excellent, said we,
Whoe'er for Price so much did see ?
Our Pipes we smoak'd, and took our Glafs,
With chearful Mirth in every Face ;
Then our Intention to pursue,
Of *Chatham Dock* we took a View ;

Our

A short Trip into Kent. 9

Our wooden Castles there we saw,
By which we keep the World in Awe:
Some on the Stocks repairing stood,
Others at Anchor in the Flood;
Masts, Timber, Anchors lie around,
All sorts of Naval Stores abound;
A thousand Hands employ'd we see,
To keep themselves and *Britain* free;
Perfidious France, thy Schemes are vain,
Whilst *Britain's* Sovereign of the Main:
Their Taxes chearful *Britons* pay,
To curb thy thirst of boundless Sway.
See, see, *Britannia* lifts her Spear,
And bids her Sons their Arms prepare;
Behold her Troops in Order stand,
To save from thine oppressive Hand:

B

O faith,

10 *A short Trip into Kent.*

O faithless Nation ! Faithless Priest !
Of sacred Truth who make a Jest !
Tho' late your Day of Reck'ning's come,
Once more from *Britons* take your Doom.
Such Thoughts as these my Muse inspire,
And kindle up the *British* Fire.

But hold, my Muse, in humbler Lay,
Tell the Misfortunes of the Day.
At one oblig'd to leave my Bed,
And into Boat with heavy Head,
And there when light I nothing view'd
But Men like Hogs, around me strew'd;
Order revers'd, lay Tail to Head,
Had they not snor'd, they look'd as dead.

A short Trip into Kent. II

But next an *Irish* Cobler's Tongue,
For three full Hours its Nonsense rung ;
We all attack'd him, one by one,
And by his Prate were all outdone.
Well did the Tide at *Greenhithe* cease,
And gave a general Release :
Next in our Walk a Red-hair'd Dame,
Discours'd at large of *Cupid's* Flame ;
Tho' going to Church to bend her Knee,
She talk'd of nought but Lechery.
We sandy Folk, said she, are wrong'd,
By those who talk as if we long'd
Dinner with Men to have Connection,
Than those of different Complexion.
My Man and I had Words of strife,
I said, you have no lustful Wife ;

I ne'er

12 *A short Trip into Kent.*

I ne'er did ask, as well you know,
That you should serve me so and so,
Had you some Wives, they'd fret and teize ye,
My Moderation ought to please ye.
Impertinence such like detain'd
My Friends, 'till I some Ground had gain'd,
To finish this most odd Affair,
They follow'd me, she went to Pray'r.
Thus runs th' Account of our first Day,
Pleasure you see, has its Allay.



DAY



DAY II.

EARLY next Morn we quit our Rest,
The Morn for Expedition's best ;
The Rising sun diffus'd its Light,
New Hills and Dales salute our Sight :
Fresh beauteous Landships entertain,
And distant Prospect of the Main.
By eight at *Sheerness* Fort we land,
Which *Thames* and *Medway* does command.
An hearty Breakfast there we took,
Then went about the Fort to look.

An

14 *A Short Trip into Kent.*

An hundred Cannon mounted there,
The Enemy to enter dare.
Hence wafted by the flowing Tide,
Were soon to *Rochester* convey'd :
To Dinner down together sat,
All our Fatigue we soon forgot ;
The Bowl replenish'd, adds new Life,
And no Man fear'd not ev'n his Wife,
Unanimous then one and all,
We visited the fine Town-hall.
There view'd the * Pourtraits of the brave,
Who fought our Properties to save.

* Pourtraits. *The Council-Room is hung round with a Number of Admirals who have been Members for the City of Rochester, and are very good Pieces.*

To

A short Trip into Kent. 15

To the Cathedral then proceed,
Where Gothick Ornaments exceed.
Next to the Castle we ascend,
Where nodding Turrets threatening stand;
And gaping Walls confirm the Truth,
All things decay by Time's sharp Tooth.
Then this Day's Business to conclude,
Old *Watts's Alms-house* last we view'd.
Where o'er the Portal you may read
Six Travellers that really need,
Not through Infection wanting Doctors,
Excepted also * Rogues and Proctors,

* Rogues and Proctors. *The Reason of the Old Gentleman's unfavourable Idea of Proctors, was owing to a Rogue of a Proctor, who having been*

This

16 *A short Trip into Kent.*

This House till Morn will entertain
When further they a Groat will gain.
Back to our Inn we then repair,
In ev'ry Face a chearful Air.

My method now requires to tell,
The Ruffles that this Day befel.
And first, again oblig'd to rise
At one, unusual Exercise ;

*employ'd by him in a dangerous Illness to make his
Will ; he had given the whole Estate to himself,
which Mr. Watts discovering upon his Recovery,
it induc'd him to couple up Rogues and Proctors to-
gether, as excepted from the Benefit of his Donation.*

A short Trip into Kent. 17

In Boat reclin'd my heavy Head,
Slept on a Plank, uneasy Bed ;
And when awake, constrain'd to hear,
Two brutish *Fellows* curse and swear,
A lighted Match for such as smoak'd,
Both burnt my Coat, and me provok'd.



C

DAY



D A Y III.

THE third Day lay a-bed till five,
 And six Hours sleep does well revive;
 Wish'd Fellow-travellers a good Day,
 Who back for *London* took their way;
 Repair'd my Coat, my breakfast took,
 Then went the *Maidstone* Boat to look.
 The Boat went off about eleven,
 With flowing Tide, and Water even:
 Fine Hills the distant Prospect bound,
 And charming Meadows all around.

A short Trip into Kent. 19

At Maidstone landed after four,
Then din'd and took a little Tour,
To Farley Bridge, there view'd the Sluice,
Which much Advantage will produce;
By carrying on the Navigation,
For export and for Importation:
With Pleasure now the Planters round,
May see their Lands with Hops abound;
The 'Squire to Sale his Oaks conveys,
Nor fears wet Summers, nor rotten ways.

The Crosses of the Day were few,
Which I'll relate with Justice due.
Too long the Taylor kept my Coat,
And long I waited in the Boat;

20 *A short Trip into Kent.*

Taylor's and Boatmen both will lie,
And oftentimes our Patience try.
Then in the Boat five Hours I sat,
Confin'd to hear five Women prate.



D A Y IV.

NEXT Morn to Church I went, to see
The Pieces of Antiquity.

A Latin Sentence much perverted,
More than a little me diverted ;
The Sentence this, if you will have it,

Mar-

A Short Trip into Kent. 21 .

* Martyrio quodam expiravit.

Which with the rest of the Narration,

Relates a Woman's Propagation.

Three Sons she had, and Daughters seven,

Which made of ten, the Number even.

Good times she had to number eight,

But the ninth touch doubling her Freight,

She did not bring it safely home,

But dy'd a Kind of Martyrdom .

Soon as I had the Sentence read,

This Thought came strait into my Head :

* *The whole Sentence runs thus.* Tandem gemello partu Martyrio velut quodam expiravit. *in English thus.* At length she expir'd as it were, in a sort of Martyrdom, in Child-bed with Twins.

It

22 *A short Trip into Kent.*

It may be said more properly,
That Women that in Labour die,
Are Martyrs than that Tyrants are,
Who Fetters for Mankind prepare ;
And whilst they strive to put them on,
Are in the vile attempt undone :
With Instinct Women well comply,
In hopes of future Progeny ;
Tho' when in Child-bed they expire,
They die in Bed, not in the Fire.
When Princes lawless Power crave,
And strive their Subjects to enslave ;
Rule without Equity or Right,
In Force and Tyranny delight :
Should as they ought, the Subjects rise,
To vindicate their Properties ;

And

A short Trip into Kent. 23

And should the Tyrant meet his Fate,
Can this a Martyr nominate?
Shall * treach'rous Priests prophane a Word,
Due to the Faithful in the Lord?
And keep a Day to canonize
A Man that fain wou'd tyrannize.
But in his vain Career was stopt,
And from his Body his Head was lopt,
Write on his Tomb, a Sacrifice
To lawless Power here buried lyes:

* Treacherous Priests. *A very just and proper Epithet; for in vindicating Tyrants, they betray the Cause of Christianity, as well as the Cause of Civil Liberty.*

Hence

24 *A short Trip into Kent.*

Hence future Kings Example take,
The Laws your Rule and Guide to make;
Martyr to what? to vile Ambition,
This brought the Tyrant to Perdition.

Din'd on a Mackarel, and delighted,
To hear a Story well recited;
In *April* last, towards the End
Begins my Friend, I chanc'd to spend
Sunday at *Tenterden* in *Kent*,
And to the Church in Morning went.
A neighb'ring Priest supply'd the Place,
With Belly large and ruby Face;
Twice to the Vestry he repairs,
At Intervals betwixt the Prayers;

A short Trip into Kent. 25

The second Time I saw him drink
A Glas of Brandy, 'twas I think ;
Then reeling to the Pulpit went,
Repeated o'er the old Prevent :
Next came the Text, O grant that I,
May like the good and righteous die.
The Priest his Subject to enforce,
And to enliven his Discourse ;
Forward would throw himself in preaching,
As the most efficacious teaching :
But now his Head being hot and giddy,
He could not make his Motions steady ;
In spite of Motion, Cant, and Face,
It looked all like mere Grimace.
You all desire, says he, to die,
Like him that liveth righteously :

D

But

26 *A short Trip into Kent.*

But here's the Mischief, don't delight,
To lead your Lives like the Upright.
Such vehement Pronunciation,
Attends this Part of his Oration,
So violent his Action grew,
That all that time, I vow 'tis true ;
We strait expected, one and all,
That o'er the Pulpit he would fall :
But by good Luck he kept his Station,
And sav'd his Neck from dislocation.
Home to my Inn I went to Dinner,
And after reel'd this reverend Sinner ;
A fine Sinner before us set,
Could not invite the Priest to eat :
Excels of Drink prevented feeding,
He could not eat but fell a bleeding.

Soon

A short Trip into Kent. 27

Soon from his Nose a Quart there fell,
Now this, thought I, will make him well;
But I was out, he bled again,
To stop his Nose they breath'd a Vein;
At this the Parson falls in Fits,
And frights the House out of their Wits:
Coaches and Chairs to Church repair,
But they could find no Parson there.
The Parson's sick, was the Pretence,
Which home dismiss'd the Audience.
Now homeward bound for *Rocheſter*,
At five o'clock our Courſe we ſteer.

Some Croſſes too this Day beſet,
Which in their Turn I now will tell;

28 *A short Trip into Kent.*

Forc'd half an Hour in Boat to wait,
 Which made our Passage long and late;
 Plagu'd with a drunken Fellow's chat,
 And worse with a young crying Brat;
 I could not well my Anger smother,
 But reprimanded thus the Mother:
 Mistress, I think, I may make bold
 To say, a Child of ten Weeks old,
 Is fitter much at home to tarry,
 Says she, enrag'd, then who wou'd marry?
 Must I at home for ever dwell?
 The Child will bear it very well:
 Must I all Pleasure quite resign?
 And still myself at home confine?
 Not I in truth; she scolds, she raves,
 You Men would make us Women Slaves.'

Too

A short Trip into Kent. 29

Too late I wish'd I'd held my Peace,
I thought her Tongue wou'd never cease;
When I returned to the *Oar*,
It was not so pleasant as before.
The House with ten Dragoons was cramm'd,
Who eat and drank, and swore, and damn'd,
But what we lik'd, were going to *Dover*,
To *Flanders* to be carried over;
There let them fight, and Honour win,
And mortify the Man of Sin.
Now homeward bound, next Morn I bend
My Steps again tow'rds *Gravesend*:
For Breakfast I was well prepar'd,
Took it, and to the Boat repair'd;
And out of sixty had but three,
But what were pleasant Company:

Landed

30 *A short Trip into Kent.*

Landed by three at *Billinggate*,
Where Oyfter-Women scold and prate ;
Now pardon Tedioufnefs, my Friends,
where it began, my Journal ends.



F I N I S.



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